But all in vaine, they had no hearts to fight,
Nor we in them no hope to win the day,
So that we fled. The King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George* your brother, *Norffolke*, and my selfe,
In hast, post hast, are come to ioyne with you,
For in the marches heere we heard you were,
Making an other head, to fight againe.
Edw. Thankes gentle *Warwicke*,
How farre hence is the Duke with his power?
And when came *George* from *Burgundie* to *England*?
War. Some fiue miles off the Duke is with his power:
But as for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind Aunt, Dutches of *Burgundie*,
With aide of souldiers gainst this needfull warre.
Rich. Twas ods belike when valient *Warwicke* fled.
Oft haue I heard thy praises in pursute,
But neere till now, thy scandall of retire.
War. Nor now, my scandall *Richard*, dost thou heare?
For thou shalt knowe that this right hand of mine,
Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awfull scepter from his fist:
Were he as famous and as bold in warre,
As he is famde for mildnesse, peace, and praier.
Rich. I know it well Lord *Warwicke*, blame me not,
Twas loue I bare thy glories, made me speake.
But in this troublous time, whats to be done?
Shall we goe throw away our coates of steele?
And clad our bodies in black mourning gownes,
Numbring our *Auemaries* with our beades?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes,
Tell our deuotion, with reuengfull armes?
If for the last, saie I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therfore *Warwicke* came to find you out,
And therfore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me Lords, the proud insulting Queene,
With *Clifford* and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many mo proud birdes,
Haue wrought the easie melting King like waxe.

He